

Today

**Brisbane Visits Carmel
Tells Story of Career
Speeds Out of Town**

By Herbert Cerwin

Wearing a soiled gray hat, an ill-fitting blue suit that hung loosely from his tall figure, Arthur Brisbane, rushed through Carmel last week-end, dropped a few selected pearls of wisdom free of charge and then rode out of town sitting back in the front seat of a low priced automobile.

He was in Carmel less than ten minutes, yet he knew the early background of the village; the approximate population; the average climatic conditions and the location of the cottage immortalized by a certain visitor from Los Angeles. Wherever he goes, Brisbane absorbs information like a sponge, files it back in his mind and then uses it perhaps in six months or six years later.

Brisbane stands at the top of the newspaper profession. He is not only the motivating force behind the Hearst newspapers, but the oracle of the American people. He senses what America is thinking and in short, crisp, well written paragraphs informs his millions of readers on questions that they already know.

What kind of a man is Brisbane? Why does he get \$250,000 a year? How did he start his column "Today?"

He rushed too fast through Carmel for us to catch him at our front door; we finally trailed him to Del Monte, where sitting on the front steps, in whirlwind fashion, he revealed—and we believe for the first time for publication—the amazing story of his background.

Brisbane, editing a newspaper in Washington, D. C., in the early part of 1906 was seized one morning with the idea of putting a column of editorial comment on the front page; an unheard of, radical inception. For lack of better name, he called it simply "Today" and because it was not signed and copyrighted, he found that an enterprising newspaper publisher, Mr. Hearst, was lifting it word by word.

Brisbane wired: Stop copying my stuff or I'll sue.

Hearst replied: Come see me.

They met a few days later in Hearst's bachelor apartment in New York. "I want you to come to work for me," Hearst said. "Name your salary."

"The same as I get now," Brisbane answered modestly, "two hundred dollars a week."

"But that's not enough," put in the generous Mr. Hearst who knows when to pay large salaries. "I'll make it twice that amount."

"No," said the cautious, shrewd Mr. Brisbane, "you give me an additional dollar for each thousand in circulation I put on the Evening Journal."

"Agreed!" said Mr. Hearst smiling.

ing snapping at the offer and on a scrap of paper, signed the now famous contract.

There are many stories of Brisbane's remarkable and scholarly knowledge which point to his astonishing intellectual power. One day, his secretary told us, he got up and addressed a conference of Rabbis in ancient Hebrew. Another time, he held a group of learned surgeons spellbound, while he talked on medicine.

The speed and fast living of the American people against which he laments constantly in his column is ironic; few persons at the age of sixty-eight can rush through life at the pace set by Brisbane.

Here's an average working day for the noted editor when touring the country: Gets up six o'clock, shaves, dresses in ten minutes; meets city officials and drives over nearby territory or inspects industrial plants; back at his hotel, 8:30 a.m., buys copy of Hearst newspaper and is again driving to his next stop. At noon, meets more officials, talks at luncheon, takes short ride at 2 p.m., he's on his way again.

While driving in the car he marks with a soft lead pencil the story he is to comment upon. At five o'clock, he jumps out of the car, dashes into a telegraph office and on a portable typewriter pounds out his column in from ten to fifteen minutes. Leaves telegraph office and continues on to keep dinner engagement.

"I've become used to it," Brisbane explains. "Someday, I'll take

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two weeks off and come to Carmel for my first vacation."

Brisbane eats sparingly and often only a banana for lunch; he seldom smokes now and will drink two cocktails before dinner and perhaps a single glass of wine if the occasion warrants it. He formerly was an ardent poker player, but gave it up because of added responsibilities.

Said a Hearst executive to the famous publisher one day: "Don't you think you pay Mr. Brisbane too much?"

Hearst smiled and remarked in his soft, biting voice:

"I wish I could find some more Bribanes—I'd pay them as much!"

Girl Writer Ends Own Life When Stories Are Rejected

Rejection slips from magazines which turned down her fiction resulted in Miss Mae Bond, young Carmel girl, participating over the week-end in a drama as tragic and as ironic as anything she had ever written.

Miss Bond wrote the climax to her own story when sometime Saturday while sitting in her car, she sent a bullet through her temple using a rusty 36-caliber pistol. The tragic end came on the country road, a mile out of Chular where her body was found a day later by a rancher.

Strangely enough as the titian-haired young woman was writing the last chapter of her life, her mother back at Newcastle, Penn., was packing her trunks and preparing to come to Carmel to make

her home with her daughter.

While the definite motive for the suicide was unknown, authorities attributed it to the refusal of magazines to buy Miss Bond's stories. In her purse, lying beside her in the automobile, was a list of several hundred books and a page of scribbled notes on plot construction.

Apparently lack of money was not the cause of the suicide. Chief of Police Gus Englund and Coroner J. A. Cornett who went through her cottage on Lobos street and Second found over \$17 in cash and many fine dresses.

Miss Bond had been a resident of Carmel for less than three weeks and had made virtually no friends during her stay here, leading a quiet, secluded life.

Search Continued As Mystery Of Missing Resident Deepens

Catherine Bell, 32-year-old Carmel resident, was this week still the center of a state-wide search since her mysterious disappearance from her home here early last month.

Despite that authorities throughout the state have been asked to search for her and broadcasts of her description have been made over the radio, no definite trace of the missing woman has so far been found.

Almost as mysterious as her disappearance was an attempt on Sunday by a stranger to obtain permission to search through Mrs. Bell's cottage on Torres street. Hugh Comstock, owner of the cottage, refused the permission and referred the stranger, who said he was from Watsonville to the police. The stranger, however, did not communicate with police and left immediately after Comstock turned down his request.

Early this week, Police Chief Gus Englund communicated with the sheriff's office and asked them to round up the Watsonville man and question him in regards to Mrs. Bell's disappearance.

"I'm convinced that Mrs. Bell (continued on page twelve)



Portrait of the Average Carmel Male Citizen Attempting to Understand General Financial Conditions, While His Pockets Are Empty of Cash.

What! No Money? Carmel Smiles As Cash Goes Into Cold Storage

Carmel took the bank holiday the week in various parts of the with little concern and business village and follow:
was conducted as usual in all local stores, charge accounts coming in more useful than ever before.

Most residents joked and smiled about it, while others formed in groups in front of the postoffice and participated in street curb discussions. Despite the banks being closed, a large amount of cash was rung up by stores. One proprietor took in \$100 in cash in a single day.

As the Pine Cone goes to press, indications are that both banks will be opened this morning, ready to cash checks and make withdrawals on a limited basis. All payrolls, it is understood, will be taken care of immediately.

A few humorous squibs showing the spirit of the bank holiday in Carmel were picked up during

A wealthy resident on Scenic Drive, with 50 cents in his pocket when the banks closed, found a solution. He broke open his little boy's bank and out came \$20 in nickels and dimes.

A Carmel artist, collecting milk bottles and getting refund on them from a local grocery store.

A Carmel merchant calling it a holiday every afternoon and playing bridge back of the store and serving tea and gingerale.

Another resident, damaged his car in a minor accident, lamenting the fact that he would have no money to pay for it. Calling on his insurance agent L. L. Benson, he found that the company was paying out claims in cash!

Read—

Pages from a Diary. By Una Jeffers—

—On Page 3

Sky's The Limit As Dozens Of Kites Show Fighting Spirit

Young and old rode the skies in a rainbow of dashing colors Saturday when dozens of home-made kites took to the skies in the annual tournament staged at Hatton Fields.

Records were broken for the most distinctive kites, and the altitude record was smashed miles beyond the old existing mark. Children both young and old accompanied by their parents and friends were on hand with kites large and small, plain and of brilliant hues.

The contest was divided into several classes so that contestants could compete with fellows their own age and by the middle of the afternoon the sky was full of gay colored kites.

Individuality was the key-note of the day judges being hard put to be able to make the many awards for the most unique and best constructed. Hours and hours were spent in making the kites.

To top off the day the Filipinos of Carmel gave the delighted crowd that included many artists, writers and others an exhibition of kite flying.

Diving, swooping, and soaring two kites guided by their owners smashed at each other in an effort to bring the other one down to the ground. Interest was centered on this fight which was won only after the kites had tumbled out of the sky for the third time.

Winners for the day were given ribbons. In the youngest group Rene Foss took honors for the best flier, Adeline Guth had the best looking kite, and Bordy Miyamoto for the most unique. In

the grades from the fifth to the eighth Billy Turner got his kite up the highest, Teddy Marble had the best made, Ralph Johnston's was the best looking and Thomas Brown the most unique.

For the adults rallying round the blue flag on the field the Filipinos took the prizes for best

made, most unique and best looking. The winners were Pio Reloque, Efigenio Yara and Leopoldo Yeban respectively.

Honors for the highest flier went to Ernest R. Cally, who was able to let his kite out three miles. Junior Warrington was awarded the second prize for second highest flier.

This is the third annual kite flying fete, planned and run by Rev. Willis G. White, and to him goes the credit of successful and tireless organization.

Political Fight Looms In High School Board Election

Possibility of another school fight in which Carmel will participate was seen here today as several candidates were being groomed for the post of trustee for the Monterey Union High School district.

Bernard H. Schulte of Carmel Valley, is so far, the only candidate who has definitely announced that he will seek the office to be vacated by Mrs. Joseph Schoening, whose term expires next month.

It is understood, however, that Schulte may be opposed by a Carmel resident, whose name supporters are withholding. Mrs. Daisy Taylor, member of the Sunset School board, informed the Pine

Cone she had been approached, but denied she would participate in the race.

Schulte is a well known Carmel Valley resident and has been identified as a leader in the farm bureau movement throughout the country. In making his announcement Schulte said:

"I will be a candidate only because many of my friends have asked me to," he declared. "I have no particular platform and can promise only that if elected I will serve the territory I represent to the best of my ability."

The school election is scheduled for March 31st—the same time as the Sunset School election here.

Candidate Rendtorff States Her Position

Editor "Pine Cone"

Dear Mr. Newberry:—

Permit me to correct a statement in your editorial of March 3. You say that a committee of five, whose names you give, had called on me urging my candidacy for school trustee. There was no such committee and the one person, a man, who laid the matter before me is not included in your list. At a called meeting which I attended and at which I accepted the candidacy two of the five persons you name—Mrs. Taylor and Mr. Larouette—were not present.

Referring to this list of five names you say "this line-up does not indicate a desire for harmony." In so important a matter as our school election this seems a very serious accusation. Opinions on methods of education and school management may differ and it certainly is no crime to hold one or the other opinion. But it is an entirely different matter to speak of "malcontents who are attempting its (the school's) dissolution." But, perhaps, I am taking your remark too seriously. I hope it is just a bit of exaggeration that may be classed with such expressions as "robbing the kiddies" or "wrecking the school."

May I quote here what I gave out in my statement of two weeks ago: "Both factions have the good of the school and the children at heart" and "I firmly believe that both sides have not only the right but the duty to use their ability and their judgment for the keeping up and the betterment of the school by cooperating in its management."

I have repeated here the word "faction" to which you seem to take exception. But why? Unquestionably there were two factions contending at the polls last year and these same factions are operating today. I represent the one that elected Mrs. Taylor last year while the other one persuaded Mr. Ewig to be their candidate. It seems but natural that I should speak of "my group" or "faction."

I believe that the members of my faction fully realize that harmony in the community on the question of the school is our only solution and they are all aware that it is my purpose, in case I should be elected, to try to preserve harmony, a harmony that is based on mutual confidence and respect.

Emma E. Rendtorff

Hope Abandoned As Dr. Ohnesorg Sinks

Virtually all hope for the recovery of Dr. Karl Ohnesorg, prominent retired Carmel naval officer and surgeon, was abandoned this week as he suffered another relapse at the Mare Island hospital.

Physicians at the hospital, including Dr. Harvey Cushing, famous brain surgeon and former classmate of Dr. Ohnesorg's, said that medical science was powerless to help their colleague and that it was but a matter of days before the end came. Mrs. Ohnesorg is at her husband's bedside.

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A Sacrificed Vote For Friend May Cost Hale Postmastership

Because he sacrificed his standing to vote for a friend, Don Hale, prominent Carmel business man, may lose his opportunity for appointment as the village's next postmaster.

For years a strong Democrat and always voting the Bourbon ticket straight, Hale last year registered as a Republican to cast a vote for his friend Scott Hendricks who sought the nomination for congress in opposition to Arthur M. Free, then the incumbent representative.

This change was made not only by Hale, but by many Democrats in the district, who were set on defeating Free. The primaries over, Hale and others voted the Democratic ticket straight at the general election.

But because they are registered

as Republicans, the group who voted against Free, cannot receive the endorsement of the county Democratic committee for federal appointments. The committee has voted to support no candidate who is not a registered Democrat, leaving Hale and others out in the cold.

Hale, however, has decided not to quit. Democratic supporters in this section are rallying to his support and he might receive the appointment of postmaster without the endorsement of the county Democratic committee.

Postmaster William Overstreet is watching the political campaign with quiet interest. There might be enough bickering between the Democrats themselves that Overstreet may slip in to serve another term.

exposed over a series of years the political corruption in American cities, is seeking public office for the first time in his long career.

"If elected," Steffens said, "I will conduct a survey among the adults of Carmel and find out what they were taught when they were in school. Then, I will recommend that our youngsters be instructed on an entirely different plan. There, you see—that's the new deal!"

The regular monthly meeting of the Carmel Pistol Club was held Tuesday evening in its club rooms in the basement of the Williams Building. Applications for membership of Frank Murray and Charles Grimshaw both of Carmel were received and accepted.

Trophies to the winners of the Monthly Slow Fire Handicap Match were distributed as follows:

First Place, David Ball; Second Place, Jim Williams; Third Place, George Wood, Jr.

Page Forgotten Man! Steffens To Give "New Deal"

Lincoln Steffens took his tongue out of his cheek today and announced that he would definitely enter the local political arena and seek election as trustee for Sunset school.

"Like Hoover, I've been sounding out the tax payers of the village," Steffens explained today, "and the indications are, that they want me to save the school and grant the people a new deal. No one has so far come out in the open for me, but in the side alleys they whisper in my ears that they will vote for me."

Steffens said that while the village did not think he was seriously going to compete, he had every intention of filing his election papers within the next few days.

Steffens, veteran of many elections and famous as the man who

When "Over the Hill"

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Pages From A Diary

by Una Jeffers

(George Moore, the distinguished Irish novelist, died in London January 21st last, at the age of eighty-one).

In June 1929, when we had settled ourselves in a little house near Cushenden, in the Glens of Antrim, we bought a car and resolved to travel up and down all the roads of Ireland. Our first long journey was to the west, to Moore Hall in County Mayo, and Ballylee, Yeats' "tower and cottage" in Galway. Here is the entry in our diary under July 14:

"Through wild, remote Connemara to-day, delighting in the fine line of mountains, many streams and little clear lakes, lying in a high upland region covered with dwarf heather, whose flowers are deeper colored than in Antrim. We saw much black turf, cut and stacked to dry, leaving hollows filled with pools of dark bog-water. It is not as wild and beautiful, though, as I remembered it from my stay here in 1912. Then one seldom met a motor-car, sheep roamed the hills, and women working in the fields wore skirts of crimson homespun, brilliant splashes of color in the misty landscape. An old inn at Castletobar, dinner, and on again at seven-thirty, still far from sunset. With difficulty got directions to Moore Hall. All the country folk knew the manor but were vague and confused in their answers.

We made slow progress, having to stop continually at cross-roads. A tire blew out, and while Robin struggled with it Garth and Don-

nan and I watched a car careen by and graze a cow standing by the roadside: then such a wild gabble of Gaelic, and an old woman screeching, making frantic gestures. We came at last to the ruins of Ballintubber Abbey, which Moore often mentions in his memoirs, then along a high stone wall to the great iron gates of Moore Hall,—locked. A pretty, intelligent girl at the gatekeeper's lodge gave us the key when we told our name.

"We drove slowly along the dim avenue through a great wooded park. With some emotion (in me at least) we saw the square gray-stone Georgian house, overgrown with ivy, rising three stories. A fine pillared portico with iron-railed balcony above. Over the door the date and words: '1795. Fortis cadere, cedere non potest.' We walked up the wide steps, and talked of the letter I once received from George Moore, in which he wrote: 'The story how near you were to visiting Moore Hall drew my mind back to years long past over, and a number of pictures rose up before me: your carriage driving through the gates, the winding avenue, and myself waiting on the steps to receive you.'

"Evil has come to this house since then; its interior was completely destroyed by fire in the 'trouble,' but its noble proportions are still evident enough. Looked out into the walled garden behind, and into the great vaulted cellars beneath. From the portico the ground, clear except for an old sun-dial set midway, slopes gently down to sweet Lough Carra. We saw the tiny island and its ruined tower, where George Moore and the other children of the family used to picnic with their nurse. We lingered until the sunset glow died through the trees. A night bird began to sing. We picked up a fragment of stone to build into Tor House. (Now in the pavement by our door,—the tombstone cutter in New Monterey cut on it for us 'Moore Hall, County Mayo.')

"When we thanked the pleasant girl at the lodge for her courtesy, she answered 'Thanks for nothing,' a phrase we often hear in the west of Ireland. We told her we had been at Tillyra Castle this morning, and she said, 'Mr. Martyn was a great friend of Mr. George Moore.' She said George Moore has not been at Moore Hall for years, but there has been talk just lately of his restoring it. She directed us an easier way through the maze of twisty narrow roads, along a high narrow way lifted above the bogs to Ballinrobe, where we are spending the night. A wild ragged fellow has been playing sweetly and plaintively on a little pipe beneath our window. We remembered the shepherd with his flageolet in Moore's 'Untilled Field,' playing a melancholy folk-tune 'like wind sighing over bog-water.'

"We have been talking with the Irish gentleman (gone a bit seedy) who owns this inn, about the ruined manors and desolated countryside. He says he had never thought to see Moore Hall mo-

lest, because George Moore's father had served his country so faithfully in Parliament. He thinks it was done by peasants who wanted the estate cut up into small holdings, and used the time of political trouble to work their spite, but in the end the peasants have suffered most from the abandoned estates.

"July 15. Returned to Moore Hall and took several pictures, through the soft rain. We were reluctant to leave, but shall come back even after years to this place."

Candidate Files in School Board Fight

Nomination papers of Mrs. Emma E. Rendtorff for Trustee of Sunset School District will be filed this week. They bear the following endorsement:

We the undersigned favor most strongly the election of Mrs. Emma E. Rendtorff to the approaching vacancy on the Board of Trustees of the Sunset School District to be filled at the election to be held March 31st, 1933, believing her not only to be a woman of sterling integrity, abundant sympathy, discernment and understanding, but also a person both able and anxious to give her services in the interests of an economical and harmonious administration.

Signed:
Adrienne Turner, J. K. Turner, H. Berry, Peter Mawdsley, Clara Smith Lawler, Clair Foster, John B. Dennis, William P. Silva, J. B. Adams, Margaret M. Dennis, J. H. Payne, Helen W. Adams, Mabel I. Turner, Matilda J. Smith, Talbert Josselyn, Stephen Allen Reynolds, Jeanette A. Reynolds, Elizabeth S. Schuyler, Charles Clark and Sophie Marshall.

Carmel Low on Solvent Securities, Report Shows

High in property values, Carmel is low on solvent securities as compared with other communities in the county, according to the financial report of County Auditor Anna Johnson just released.

Pacific Grove appears to be the wealthiest in the county. They have taxable securities totaling \$1,358,994. Monterey is next with \$650,220, Salinas \$312,023 and Carmel has a total of \$265,307.

Sidney Fish Heads Old Time Mining Companies

Sidney Fish of Carmel Valley heads the consolidation of three pioneer Virginia City mining companies which this week filed articles of incorporation at Sacramento for capitalization at one million dollars.

The three companies are all of San Francisco and were formed when gold was first struck rich in Virginia City. The new name of the merger group is Gould and Savage Mining company.

Singer to Appear

By popular demand peninsula lovers of song have requested Frances Nason Leidig, California dramatic soprano, to again appear in concert. An interesting program has been arranged to be given in the lounge at Hotel Del Monte, Sunday evening, March 19, at 8:30 p.m.

Frances Nason Leidig is well remembered for her splendid inter-

pretation of Spanish songs in which she makes a specialty. Her voice possesses unusual warmth, depth, and color, also her phenomenal range makes her one of the most versatile, delightful singers on the concert stage today.

William Watts, Artist, Said Seriously Ill

William Watts, nationally known artist living in the Carmel Highlands was reported this week to be seriously ill.

According to friends of the artist, Watts was stricken some weeks ago and has been under the constant care of physician at his home. He is said to be gradually improving and a complete recovery of his health is anticipated.

Mr. Vernon Short, artist and builder, is staying for a week in his North Carmelo studio.

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A Dozen Below-Cost Bargains

means nothing as to Carmel values as a whole.

Appraisers have three ways of determining the value of properties. One of them is through the protection offered by neighbors. In that respect all of Carmel is your neighbor. We are protected through Carmel's unique quality, its appeal to retired home-seekers, to the artists of all kinds, to the Nature loving people.

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Elizabeth McClung White

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OCEAN AND LINCOLN



Helen Ware To Appear In Next Community Production

By Charles Van Riper

Headed by Helen Ware, stage and picture star and first lady of Carmel dramatics, a cast of Community Players is being assembled for the production of "Ladies of the Jury" the last week-end in March. Rehearsals started Monday night on the stage of the little Playhouse in Monte Verde street, Carmel.

What happens behind the locked doors of a juryroom is graphically presented in this three act comedy. It is a modern and delicious variation of the desert island situation, where a strangely assorted group of men and women are shut away and isolated from the world until they determine the fate of beautiful Yvette Gordon. They sat in judgement while she was tried for murder, but the real drama and hysterics of the comedy occur behind the barricaded doors of the juryroom.

Mrs. Livingston Baldwin Crane, the character played by Miss Ware marches on to the delight of the audience to a tremendous extralegal victory. The story is best told from the stage. Lines rich with humour, swift and barbed follow each other so fast that the show attains terrific momentum.

In support of Miss Ware two outstanding favorites of local dramatics return to the Playhouse stage. Sammy Sampson, who stepped from Carmel into professional playing is cast in "Ladies of the Jury" as Mae Mixer, while Sibyl Leonard is set for the dramatic role of Yvette Gordon. A newcomer on the Carmel stage is Charles Sayers, village wood carver, whose rare Scotch burr fortifies the part of Andrew McKaig.

Another Carmel player who will make her debut is Katherine Van Dyck, resident of the Country Club. Miss Van Dyck is from the South where she played in the Pasadena shows.

Veterans as well as recruits are included in the line-up of the Community Players End-of-the-Month-Show. Marion Todd has a character part as Mrs. Pratt that

teams her with Gordon Knoles, cast as Mr. Pressley, foreman of the Jury. Norma Parrott goes on Mrs. Maguire, an excellent Irish cook who was caught in the drawing of the Jury. Ross Cowan, favorite of Playhouse audiences is called back to enact a role that is exactly in his line.

The show opens on Thursday, March 30, for three performances only. Reservations for individual parties or organization theatre parties will be received at the Playhouse until the tickets go on sale.

NOW EVERYBODY CAN HEAR THE ORCHESTRA TOMORROW

Thanks to the liberal spirit of the Carmel Music Society, you can use anything for money to buy tickets—scrip, Carmel Dollars, IOU's, checks, credit at the shops, and other evidences of value.

Local Orchestra Is Making History

By Hal Garrott

Carmelites and Peninsula dwellers will receive the thrill of a lifetime when they hear their own orchestra play in Sunset Auditorium tomorrow night. Never in all the history of Carmel has a body of musicians (local or imported) given a performance in the village that even compares with the present work of the Monterey Peninsula Orchestra led by Michel Penha.

You will be astonished by their spirited attack, their eloquent string tone, the full voiced support of wind choir and organ. New York, Boston, Philadelphia may have symphony orchestras—but so has Carmel. The miraculous progress of the local orchestra in the last two months is understandable only when you realize that the village now possesses one of the country's big orchestral conductors. For five years Michel Penha was solo cellist for the greatest orchestra in the world, Stokowski's. For years he conducted the rehearsals of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. That body would be the gainer today if Penha were its conductor. But he is under contract to the Carmel Music Society.

It is inspired leadership that determines the quality of orchestral performance. Carmel has this leadership. That is why tomorrow night when you hear what your own fellow townsmen have accomplished, you will gasp with amazement and swell with pride.

Like Nature, the Carmel Music Society is a spendthrift. The orchestra alone will provide all the thrills that are healthy for one concert. But for good measure, the music society has engaged Ralph Linsley, pianist, and Abraham Weiss, viola player, as soloists. Both have won our hearts with superb performances. Tomorrow their admirers will hear the Beethoven C Major piano concerto with Linsley at the piano, and the Handel B Minor viola concerto with Weiss in the solo part.

Besides the concerto tutti, the orchestra plays a Mozart Serenade and the Beethoven Egmont Overture. Judging by rehearsals I've heard, this last will stir you to your depths.

The John O'Shea Exhibition

By Edward Weston

To quote Wilenski: "Where a man says 'This picture gives me a thrill,' he is not talking about the picture, he is merely talking about himself." This should be understood by critics—that they reveal themselves; they do not change the value of the work they criticize—neither for better nor worse—but they can call attention to work which has excited them. This is my intention, to bring to notice a stimulating exhibition, that of John O'Shea, at the Denny-Watrous Gallery.

Those who have followed John O'Shea's work in the past, know only his paintings, will have a surprise in store, will see a phase, new at least to the public; thirty-five drawings are presented, which range from biting satire to delicious humour, from "abstractions" to the most delicate and sensitive conceptions of familiar things in the objective world.

This is an exhibition to move one deeply. I will make no attempt to review individual drawings. Go, do not miss this rare opportunity; receive your own reactions, and leave, as you must be, enriched.

Kathleen Murphy and Mary Ingels Play

By Hal Garrott

The Denny-Watrous Gallery has had few larger audiences (none more enthusiastic) than the one that welcomed two talented Carmel girls last Saturday night.

Kathleen Murphy, soprano and pupil of Vasia Anikeeff, possesses a charming stage presence and a sweet natural voice. Although it was her debut, Miss Murphy appeared calm, poised. Other attributes to her credit were an excellent memory (unassisted by the usual singer's memoranda), and correct pitch.

What Miss Murphy's voice will develop into in the next few years, no one can predict. Everything depends on the type of training. At present her pianissimo reveals a relaxed, free tone that is pleasing. These plus qualities are further enhanced by a sincere and unassuming manner, and an exceedingly attractive personal appearance. While singing the most exacting phrases, Miss Murphy's features remain uncontrived. There is no twisting of the mouth and tossing of the head to throw out the tone, nor is there any ogling to vamp the audience—yet the audience was vamped by unsophisticated youth and honest musical effort. I liked best the Beau Soir by Debussy, a typically Russian song by Glier, and a Mozart selection.

Mary Ingels, who played two piano groups, won enthusiastic applause. Miss Ingels possesses pianistic gifts of a high order, and needs only continued training to acquire the clean technic and balanced tempi required for the concert stage. Her playing has great vitality, spirit, dash, and there is evidence of taste and musical feeling.

Unquestionably this recital by two Carmel girls was a success,

and the large audience were repaid for attending, and said so.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE COUNTY OF MONTEREY

In the matter of the Estate of STEPHEN A. SMITH, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN by the undersigned, Emery Willis Smith, also known as Emory Stephen Smith, Administrator of the Estate of Stephen A. Smith, Deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to file them, with the necessary vouchers, in the

office of the Clerk of the above entitled Court, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, to said Emery Willis Smith at 210 Spazier Building, Monterey, California, (the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate,) in the County of Monterey, State of California, within six (6) months after the first publication of this notice.

Dated March 10, A. D. 1933
EMERY WILLIS SMITH

Administrator of the Estate of STEPHEN A. SMITH, Deceased.
Date of 1st publication, March 10, 1933.

Date of last publication, April 7, 1933.

Argyll Campbell and E. Guy Ryker, Attorneys for Administrator, Spazier Building, Monterey, California.

Mme. Sylvia Sinding

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New State Park To Be Created On Coast Road

Two miles of ocean frontage between Cambria and the mouth of San Simeon creek will be one of California's state park sites when the new Carmel-San Simeon highway is opened to traffic, it was learned this week.

The beach property to be included in the California state park system embraces tracts of lands donated to the state by William Randolph Hearst and Vine Van Gordon for park purposes. These donations were matched with state park bond money and the remainder of the two-mile strip acquired.

According to members of the state park commission who worked with the highway commission in obtaining the beach property, improvements will no doubt include the building of barbecue pits, benches and tables and the installation of playground and picnic equipment.

As part of the new state park system, the two-mile stretch of

beach lying between the new Cambria-San Simeon highway and the tide lines will remain a public playground, and is expected to have increased scenic and recreational possibilities.

This new acquisition of property gives the state two parks on the Carmel-San Simeon highway. Some months ago, the state purchased for over a half million dollars, the Point Lobos site.

Begorra! Me For This Irish Jig On St. Patrick's

Green ties will wave with a Blarney breeze next Friday night, when hundreds of Carmel residents are expected to follow in the footsteps of the Sheridans and the Murphys and participate in the benefit "Irish Cabaret" to be given at Sunset school.

The affair, given on St. Patrick's Day under the auspices of the Carmel Woman's club will feature a program of entertainment and dancing that will be as unusual as anything given in the past. A seven piece orchestra will furnish the music and at intervals, vaudeville acts will be given by unique talent obtained especially for this occasion.

Dozens of tables will be placed along the sides of the school gymnasium and old auditorium. Here, young and old, will gather, imbibe freely of chocolate and orange juice and watch the show from the sidelines.

And what a show! Sam Etheridge, the singing captain; Ruth Austin, the dancer; Hy Anderson, the village's juggling barber; Elsa Naess and many others will exhibit their charms for dear old Ireland.

Entire proceeds from the affair will be turned over to the Carmel Employment commission. Mrs. Stella Stafford Mather is the captain in charge of the event assisted by a bevy of lieutenants including, Mrs. C. J. Ryland, Mrs. Elizabeth Titus, Mrs. Vera Peck Millis, Mrs. James Cockburn and Miss Ruth Huntington.

Indications are that it will be the type of a show for which Carmel is famous—and tickets, so they say are scarce—and countless reservations have already been made.

Japanese Tea Service Introduced at Marsh's

Tea service in real Japanese fashion was started this week at Marsh's oriental shop in Monterey. The tea is served by a Japanese girl in oriental costume with

a native tray. Many delicacies, including semi and Japanese tea cakes, will

be provided. The tea will be served in a room decorated in Oriental style.



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Butter, Blue Bell, solid pack, pound	22c
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Cheese, Kraft, all varieties, ½ lb. pkg.	15c
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Cake Flour, Gold Medal, package	23c
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Price List

Women's half soles	\$1
Women's soles and heels	\$1.25 and \$1.35
Men's half soles	\$1 to \$1.25
Men's soles and heels	\$1.25 to \$1.75
Women's heels, recovered any soles,	75¢ and \$1
Women's top lifts	25¢
Women's composition heels	25¢
All shoes dyed, any color, guaranteed	50¢
Children's half soles	50¢ to \$1
Men's full soles, heels, and shine	\$2.50

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Sunday's Abalone Play Brings Striking Contrast

By Winsor Josselyn

Last Sunday brought the heights

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Dinner 50¢
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and depths of Abalone ball. At the Point field, the Giants shut the Shamrocks out 15 to 0, while up at Carmel Woods the Polo Club and Peninsula Country Club battled to extra innings before the latter won 11 to 16.

That's Carmel—contrast itself. So that we may work up to a climax, let us start at the Point. Del Monte's demons took the Manzanita maulers 18 to 6, in the first game, and it wasn't nearly so one-sided as the score shows. Winners got on base twenty-five times, while the losers did it twenty-two times; this means something happened on the bases, and in coming games if they can keep on socking the ball and then convert the socks into runs—through good coaching and taking fewer wild chances at stealing—the Manzanitas will give the leaders many a fight. Catlett, pepping the team from third base, got four good hits, and Meeks reached base three times. That's power.

Del Monte, of course, had power of its own, as shown by Verga and Tiedeman banging four times in four times up. They managed to turn bangs into runs, and that's the whole story.

Next game brought the sad affair of the Shamrock shutout. Every Giant got a hit—some got

four hits; one even got four runs. Al (Owatta!) Knight not only hit a thousand, ran a thousand and fielded several thousand, but invented the "frog" catch that baffled 'em all. Tremayne got three hits and three runs, and so it went.

Mr. Murphy, of the Shamrocks, when interviewed, said: "Tell my public that we simply didn't play ball. A Shamrock never gives an alibi." Didn't play ball? Miss Betty Pinkham earned her way to first base and tried to shame the huskies on her side into doing at least that well in their turns at bat, but the total was only ten times on for the whole team. Tragedy right under the frowning tower of poet Jeffers' sanctuary—tragedy of The Point Field. Umpires certifying the carnage were Staniford and Gray, both good men in the midst of battle.

Up at the Carmel Woods diamond the first game found the Pilots on the long end 15 to 13 against the Tigers. Plenty of hitting and running, and the Tigers with their twenty-three times on base converted into runs more efficiently than the Pilots with their twenty-nine times; but they lacked those two runs; the Tigers are building into a fast team, and with six—possibly seven—games

to go, and with hitting like Overhulse they're going to break their string of grief.

The winners featured Staniford reaching base five in five, and Stanley four in five according to Holly Smith's scoring, and it was anybody's game until the last ball was thrown.

Now, in the second game the two out-of-town athletic club teams tangled with pulse-warming result—Country Club and Polo Club. Bats were broken, tendons pulled, fielders run ragged. After extra innings of heroism, the Country Club won 11 to 10, but it took all of Pitcher Berkey's hurling and all of Finley's and Townsend's hitting to do it. Townsend hit as long a ball into right field as we've seen up there, while Finley, despite breaking a bat and ruining a few muscles, did the same noble things that he used to do when he played on the writer's wonder teams.

Slipner, of Polo Club note, is recorded by scorer Tony Van Ripper as getting five in five, and running over home plate four times. That's Abalone ball for you. At home plate for the Polo people, by the way, was Catcher Phelps; his ability to throw his mask high overhead as he went after fouls brought cheers from the gallery and cries of help from the umpire, and this brand of colorful ball is bound to jam the stands in future battles. That and John Sheridan, pinch-runner, footing it for crippled hitters.

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After all, the main reason for getting a wave is to improve your appearance.

If it does this, the satisfaction can hardly be measured in dollars and cents.

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Colonial Beauty Shop

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Officials were Sheridan, Orcutt and Douglass, and good men and true they were in the face of wild words and wilder arm-wavings.

Standings of the clubs:

Community Section	Won	Lost	%
Giants	3	0	1.000
Pilots	2	1	.667
Shamrocks	1	2	.333
Tigers	0	3	.000
Club Section			
Polo Club	2	1	.667
Del Monte	2	1	.667
Country Club	2	1	.667
Manzanita Club	0	3	.000

Games next Sunday will be, at Carmel Woods, Manzanita against Polo Club, and then Giants against Pilots. Down at the Point the Tigers and the Shamrocks will tangle in a get-out-of-the-basement affair, and next the Country Club and Del Monte will settle an over-the-hill problem.

Players' car-parking was a little better; it will help if these empty machines are put across the road so that non-playing devotees may park and sit in cars and have a good view of the titans at play, and it would be nice if this practice became as much a custom as not smoking on the field, or not knocking down girl first-base players and walking on them. Gentlemen all!

There is one suggestion we'd like to make about parking cars. If you're a player and your car is

left empty while you're giving your all for your team, why not park where empty cars aren't in the way? Suppose, for instance, across the road. Then the cars with spectators who want to sit in them can have the good views up there above the hot dog palace.

Mayor's Artistic Temperment Hurt When Called "Blacksmith"

When is a blacksmith an artist—and an artist a blacksmith? This is the question the elite of the village must help the city council to solve if Mayor John Catlin's standing in the art world is not to suffer at the cost of commercialism.

Catlin, nationally famous as the village "blacksmith mayor" is proud of presiding at his forge; but he doesn't want to be known as just a "common blacksmith." "I am a craftsman," Catlin explains, "an artist in wrought iron work and not an ordinary blacksmith."

Under the present terms of the Carmel business licenses, Catlin comes under the head of a blacksmith and is levied a tax accordingly. He has no objection, he points out, to paying the business license. But he doesn't want to

be know legally as a commercialized blacksmith when he is an artist.

Let's try this player-parking idea next Sunday.

Some among us have folks who can't come to the games and sit in the raw air of the bleachers, but who have known the game these many years and want to come and sit in their cars.

"No one thinks of taxing a portrait or landscape painter under the same classification as a house painter," Catlin adds. "That has happened to me. Instead of being an artist in wrought iron, I am classified as a blacksmith."

Carmel Boy Scouts To Take Part in Program

Members of the Carmel troop of Boy Scouts will participate in

a program to be featured as part stock will make the presentation. of the peninsula court of honor The Carmel troop will also take to be held on March 24 at the part in the Tenderfoot investment Monterey American Legion club service.

One of the features of the program will be the award of a five year veteran badge to George Dorwart of Carmel. Miss Florence Oppenheim who spent several months in Carmel last summer is now at Del Monte for an indefinite stay.

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ONE DOLLAR PER COUPLE — TAX INCLUDED
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TRADE WARRANTS ACCEPTED

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Soups 2 tins 13c
Your choice of Oxtail or Tomato varieties
YELLOW HAMMER
Peaches No. 2½ tin 10c
Yellow clings in sugar syrup
BLUE & WHITE—8 oz. tins
Hot Sauce 3 for 8c
For cooking uses
THOMPSON'S
Malted Milk 1 lb. tin 39c
FREE—A set of Gilbert's puzzles with each tin
RED & WHITE
Milk 3 tall tins 13c
Has the fresh milk flavor
LIGHTHOUSE
Cleanser per tin 4c
Lightens housework

LENTEN SUGGESTIONS
Sardines 4 tins 19c
SEA SHELL—Norwegian No. ¼ tins
packed in olive oil
Spaghetti, Noodles—RED & WHITE
Macaroni Per pkg. 7c
Your choice of items
Cheese Per lb. 15c
Mild California cream
Crab Meat No. ½ tin 30c
HACIENDA—Fancy crab meat
Crab Meat No. ½ tin 25c
ICE-PACK—Packed in Alaska an American product
Highest quality at amazingly low prices

HACIENDA
Fruit for Salad No. 1 tin 15c
No. 2½ tin 27c
An assortment of finest fruits

HACIENDA
MAYONNAISE
Pint 23c Quart 43c
A superior product—A superior flavor

BREAKFAST SUGGESTIONS THAT MEN LIKE
Flapjack Lge. pkg. 15c
ALBERS—The hot cakes of the west
COFFEE
Blue & White 1 lb. tin 27c
Red & White 1 lb. tin 31c
A blend to suit each taste
Prunes 2 lb. carton 15c
RED & WHITE—Large thin skinned fruit
Wheat Cereal lge. pkg. 17c
RED & WHITE
An energy building breakfast cereal
Wheat or Rice Pops per pkg. 5c
DAY STARTERS
At prices that need not strain the budget

Wesson Oil 1-2 gal. 49c
Pure refined cotton seed oil
Mazola Oil qt. 33c
Made from the hearts of ripe corn kernels
Crisco 3 lb. tin 49c
The digestible shortening
RED & WHITE Green 25c Black 37c
Tea 1-2 lb.
CALIFORNIA HOME
Pickles 9 oz. jar 21c
Your choice of sweet, sour or dills
RED & WHITE
Apricots No. 2½ tin 16c
Golden tree ripened fruit
RED & WHITE Sliced
Pineapple No. 2½ tin 19c
Luscious slices of Hawaiian fruit
RED & WHITE
Baking Powder 1 lb. 23c
A dependable baking ingredient
Canned Corn, 3 for 25c
MY-T-NICE—No. 2 tins eastern pack

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Malt, closing out, while it lasts 39c
Salmon, tall tins, 3 for 29c
Asparagus, sq. tin, originally 30c 19c
Honey, 5-lb. pail, "what a buy" 35c
Vegetables, 2 bunches 5c
Tomatoes, solid pack, can 9c
Ovaltine, large size 69c
Sardines, small Norwegian, can 5c
Lenten Food
Tomato Sauce, Front Line, 3 for 10c
Peaches, rich syrup, lg. cans 10c
Our fifth shipment
Rhubarb, 3 lbs. for 10c
Corn, 3 cans 27c
Coffee, Maxwell House, pound 29c
Potatoes, 25-lb. sack 29c
Soups, Campbell's, all kinds, 3 for 25c
Apples, Winesap, 5 lbs. 20c
Fresh Asparagus, Fresh green, 2lbs. 35c

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FRESH FRUITS AND VEGETABLES
The Freshest of the Best
DOLORES CASH GROCERY EWIG'S GROCERY
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Noted Author Must Appear Before Jury To Describe Blaze

Twelve good men and true may have the privilege this month of hearing Harry Leon Wilson, noted Highland's author, describe in vivid terms in the superior court at Salinas the ravages of the blaze which destroyed part of his estate.

Wilson, reputed to be one of the highest paid fiction writers in the country, will give free of charge to the jury, his version of the fire which he maintains was started by negligence on the part of the crew of workers employed on the Highland's road by Meyer Rosenberg, contractor.

In a motion made this week by Rosenberg's attorneys, they asked for a jury trial and date for the hearing will be later.

The case recently was decided in favor of Wilson through default. However, the default was set aside and the case was re-opened when the defendant showed unavoidable circumstances kept him and his attorneys from court.

Damages are sought by Wilson because of a fire which swept

over his Carmel Highland's property on October 26, 1932, destroying stately pine trees, ghost cypresses, flowers and a bridge. Wilson asserted the fire resulted from carelessness on the part of the road construction crew.

Our President and The New Congress

"Our president is ourselves—writ large"; so stated Dr. Frederic L. Paxson, distinguished historian, in an address before the College Women's Club in Berkeley last Wednesday to an audience of men and women so rapt in what he said that the drop of a pin could easily have been heard.

Dene Denny was in the audience and so impressed was she by the significance of the talk she flew up to Dr. Paxson and asked him if he would talk in Carmel.

"I do not accept engagements to talk outside the University except on guaranteed fee—but Carmel? That is different. I should be glad to come—"

Dr. Frederic L. Paxson will speak in the Gallery on Saturday evening, March 18, on the subject of the hour—"Our President—the Congress—Banks—the Presidential Machine." Dr. Paxson speaks easily, informally, wittily and from an inexhaustible fund of information that only a scholar and one closely in touch with Washington and diplomacy in Europe and America could have. Dr. Paxson speaks of all the presidents, from Washington down, with a familiarity of fact as though they were his intimate friends; he shows how, with all the limitations and corruptions that have crept in to the American system of government, it still is more flexible, more adequate than any existing government, and capable in the greatest crisis of functioning so that the emergency can be met.

Dr. Paxson is author, among a long list of books, of "Last American Frontier," which took the Pulitzer prize in 1924 as the finest book on American history. His wide accomplishments and recognition throughout the country are chronicled in "Who's Who," a listing that gives respect for his name and authority to his speech.

The exact and specific subject of Dr. Paxson's discourse will be decided by the course of economic events during the next week. An open forum will follow the talk.

Manzanita Dance

The Junior Members of the Manzanita Club are holding their first series of dances to-night at the clubhouse on Dolores street. These dances are to be given on alternate Fridays. The music is to be furnished by Dooley Stoney's Six High Hatters, and promises to be well worth hearing. The Manzanita Junior Club was started by the younger set but hopes to interest everyone in these dances. The dance starts at 9:00 o'clock and everyone is invited.

Will Open Children's Theatre in Scout House

A Children's Theatre will open tomorrow in the Girl Scout House at Sixth and Lincoln streets, its premiere performance being "Red Riding Hood," played by marionettes. The new theatre will be called the Carmel Marionette Theatre, and will be under direction of Miss Evelyn Pattison. Shows will be given each Saturday

morning at ten o'clock, and on the same afternoon at two o'clock.

The theatre will be a Girl Scouts' activity, and may develop into a creative dramatic show-house later on. Miss Pattison has had considerable experience in this line of work, having put on entertainments here and elsewhere for the Community Chest and for Girl Scouts.

Woman's Club Meet

With a Spanish program as the theme of the day the regular meeting of the Carmel Woman's club will be held Monday afternoon at the Girl Scout House. Several interesting talks have been booked for the day.

Dolores Bakery To Have First Birthday March 14

Something besides people are born, even bakeries have birthdays. Tuesday the Dolores Bakery will celebrate its first birthday under the present management and owner, George Wishart.

One year ago March 14, Wishart with his family moved over the hill to Carmel from Monterey and bought the existing bakery and then proceeded to make it one of the fine bakeries on the Peninsula. By his tireless efforts the goods sold there can rival anything made anywhere else. Frequent trips to San Francisco and a keen knowledge of modern and new recipes have made the Dolores Bakery a treat with its wide selection of goods from which to choose.

Mr. and Mrs. 'Tad' Stinson formerly living here but now living in the hills near Santa Cruz

were the guests for a few days of Dr. and Mrs. R. A. Kocher.

Mr. H. S. Crossman left for New York Wednesday for a short visit.

TOO LATE TO CLASSIFY

LOST: Ring: Man's 10 Kt. White Gold Cameo with string wound around—J. T. Williams, San Carlos Street between 7th and 8th. Reward.

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Week days 50¢
11:30 a.m. to 7:30 p.m.
Sunday Chicken and
Turkey Dinner
50¢ 75¢

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560 Polk St. • Monterey

Oranges 2 doz. 25c
Large Juicy Navels (7 1/3 doz.) 1/2 box 85c

Bananas 4 lbs. 17c

Grapefruit 5 for 9c
Sweet Tulare 1/2 box (50) \$1.15

Apples 5 lbs. 15c
Fancy Winesap or Roman 45-lb. box 1.23

Shrimp 2 cans 15c

Baby Clams 3 cans 25c

Salmon 3 tall tins 25c

SUNNY POINT—Rich pink salmon

Snowdrift 3 lb. can 45c

SPERRY and Waffle 40 oz. 15c
PANCAKE Flour pkg.

Corn Meal 10 lb. cloth bag 19c
25 lb. cloth bag 41c

Grahams Orange Honey 2 lb. ctn. 19c

Flour RED ROSE 24 1/2 -lb. bag 45c
49-lb. bag 85c

Beans 5 lbs. 15c
Fancy small white or pink 10 lbs. 29c

Tomatoes 2 No. 2 1/2 tins 15c
YOSEMITE—Rich, flavorful (limit 4)

Peas large can 10c
Tender sugar peas

Pork & Beans 2 large 31 oz. cans 15c
VAN CAMPS—This week only

Rinso Lge. pkg. 20c
Granulated soap 2 Sm. pkgs. 15c

Sani-Flush can 19c
FREE—Large serviceable brush with each purchase

ANGLO
Corned Beef 2 cans 27c

Oranges 2 doz. 15c
Juicy Navels 12 doz.) 1/2 box 85c

Pippin Apples 9 lbs. 25c
35 lb. box 81c

Lemonettes 2 doz. 15c

Rutabagas 3 lbs. 05c

Codfish 1 lb. tablet 17c
Fancy boneless

Oysters 3 cans 25c

Tuna 2 No. 1/2 cans 23c
Rich light meat

Lux Toilet soap 4 cakes 25c

PURE—Spaghetti, Macaroni, etc. 3 lbs. 19c
Semolina 6-lb. wooden box 37c

Cheese Mild Aged 1 lb. 15c

Hot Sauce 8 cans 19c

Picnic Hams 1 lb. 9 1/2c

SCHWARTZ—2c deposit per bottle
Gingerale 3 bottles 19c

Corn 3 lge cans 25c

Pineapple No. 2 1/2 can 10c
Matched slices—Limit 2

Rice Broken head 10 lbs. 19c

DURKEE'S Pint Jar 15c
Salad Aid Qt. Jar 25c

Asparagus 3 picnic tins 25c
No. 1 sq. tin 15c

Milk 6 tall cans 25c
GLEN MAID 10 small cans 23c

WE RESERVE RIGHT TO LIMIT QUANTITIES

COLLECTING LICENSE FEES

There is something very like a revolt against the business license in Carmel. Many firms are refusing to pay the city the quarterly fee enacted by law for the privilege of doing business here, and strangely enough, they seem to get away with it. It should be rather easy for a bill collector, backed by law and penalty, to bring back the bacon, but a stiff bluff is all that is required to dodge the payment.

The theory of the business license as an added revenue to the city's taxes is that business concerns get special advantages in protection and service from the city, not had by the balance of its people. Police and fire protection, traffic regulation, street cleaning and beautifying, are more costly in the down-town than in the residence districts, and the business licenses cover the additional cost. A night watchman, for instance, cost the city last year, \$1710, just half of the entire city license collections of \$3442.76.

The excuse for not paying a license made by some of the delinquents is that they are artists, and as artists are not licensed, neither should they be. But there is a distinction, a real difference between the artist who paints or sculps in his home studio, and the artist in hand-weaving or wrought iron or what-not, who has his product on sale at his shop. The difference is in that sales department.

It is seldom indeed that the painter or sculptor sells his product to his home-town people. Our artists would starve to death were they dependent upon local consumption. Neither are they demanding extra service of the city because of their profession, or their studios. When their product is on sale locally, it is at some store or gallery that is licensed. There is no real reason for licensing the producer of art.

Another excuse for delinquency in the license fee is that the schedule established by the city ordinance is not just and equitable; that some businesses pay \$8.00 per year as against \$20.00 per year for other businesses without any apparent reason for such a distinction. And this will always be so. No schedule can be made that will please everyone. It is probable that the present one, made by the board of trustees ten years ago, needs revamping, but it is

Carmel Pine Cone

CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA, CALIFORNIA

Established February 3, 1915

Official Newspaper of Carmel-by-the-Sea, California

PERRY NEWBERRY and RANALD COCKBURN, Publishers

The Carmel Pine Cone's circulation covers Carmel, and in addition, circulates widely in the Highlands, Pebble Beach, Carmel Valley and a large portion of the Peninsula. Its policy is to print the true news and promote the welfare of Carmel and the Peninsula section.

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Published weekly by the Pine Cone Press Publishing Corporation.

TOWN ELECTION

You'd think that Spring
Now quickening under the ground
Parting the soil with swords of emerald flame
And running along the veins of trees like fire,
Would shatter the dull convictions of this world.

You'd think that men would turn
From their heavy conclaves
To hearken to the music on the wind.

How can they hold
Their weapons of contention
With a tree in white glory above them
And a meadow-lark pouring down heaven?

Dora Hagemeyer

TO ENGLISH POETRY

O mighty, living fount whereat I suckle!
Majestic, ever-growing choric river!
O English song—strong armor that I buckle

Upon my spirit! sword that can deliver
When foes hack fiercest, and great shield to guard
From malice and the arrows of hate's quiver!

O iridescent light! pharos to ward
My bark from rocks, dark coasts, and treacherous tide!
Music of hundred voices in accord,

All England's glory and the race's pride!
O Fount, nurse me to strength and manhood's breed!
O River, sweep my bark to oceans wide!

O Sword and Armor, shield me from Death's greed!
O Light, be steadfast when I grope and plead!

Robin Lampson
in Poetry Review of London

idle to think that when revamped it will be satisfactory to all.

This is certain; if license fees are not collected by the city, taxes will have to be increased, and the home-owner will have to bear a share of the burden for service to the merchant. Carmel's residents may be willing to do that for their merchants. Carmel is notoriously unique. It may become the one city in the state that does not have any licensing system.

But so long as it does have an ordinance demanding a license fee, that ordinance should be insisted on, and its terms carried out regardless of excuses or bluffs. Failure to obey the ordinance should meet with the prompt execution of the penalty. Respect for the city's laws must be maintained.

REFUSE IT SPACE

George L. Wood has written us a letter that he asks, "in fairness to all," that we should print. As there is no symptom of fairness in the letter, we refuse. It is merely an effort to elect the candidate he is supporting to the Sunset School Board. Its publication would serve to embitter a campaign which is bound to react against the efficiency of the school.

What is needed now is some calm thinking and reasonable effort to bring a peaceful settlement of the controversy before election day. There is no sense in attacking past boards for extravagance, when the whole country ran riot during a period of extraordinary prosperity. Whoever compose the next board, they will be economical, for economy is the new watchword. Past boards lived in other times, and should be credited on the basis of those times, not as of today. Truly, through those years, Sunset School was greatly improved as an educational institution.

The PINE CONE's columns are not open to anyone who seeks to injure our school. Any statement Mrs. Rendtorff has to make will be published gladly. We have no fear that she would willingly harm that institution. While we hope that the two candidates, both vitally interested in the welfare of Sunset School, will get together and adjust matters so as to avoid a bitter fight at the polls, we are not going to foment trouble by opening our columns to charges and counter-charges.

People Talked About

How many Carmelites remember when the Point was known as Loeb Point? There are many who date back to the time when it was called Reamer's Point, because the Reamer's house was conspicuously lonesome out there. Today it is generally named Carmel Point.

But a quarter of a century ago, maybe more, this edge of Carmel was named after Professor Jacques Loeb of the University of California, who owned property upon it. Born and educated in Germany, Professor Loeb had come to America in the early nineties, and had been connected with Bryn Mawr, the University of Chicago, and California as biologist and physicist with an international reputation. He was the author of numerous scientific works upon his specialty.

There are many other local names that have been lost through the years. Bierces Bay, honoring the satirist, Ambrose Bierce, was

used for a long time to designate the indent south of the Point, including the mouth of the river. Hopper Beach, named for James Hopper, was the little stretch of sand at the Highlands, afterwards known as Criley's beach. Cooke's Cove, so-called because it was nearest to the home of Grace Mac Gowan Cooke, novelist, still retains the title.

It is not odd that the name of George Sterling, Carmel's particular bright star, was never hitched to any bay or cove or point, for George Sterling was one of the principal namers of those early days, and George was a remarkably modest man. When he came to Carmel first to live in 1905, he had a boyish love for exploration. Like every explorer, he set his own names to his discoveries.

The point of rocks just beyond the river's mouth he called Abalone Point, for obvious reasons. The beach was Crescent Beach. And his friends and those he ad-

mired, he honored by using their cognomens upon his mental map.

It would be a fitting tribute to Sterling's memory to attach his name permanently to some significant part of Carmel's geography. Even a street or avenue might do, but better a natural formation, for George Sterling was never much for streets or man-made things. If the section of Carmel known as the Eighty Acres could be entitled Sterling Forest—and made to stick—it would be excellent.

Again Carmel was host to a group of visiting newspapermen over the week-end with Arthur Brisbane, leading the list. Others who were here include Ralph Jordan, head of the International News service bureau at San Francisco; Allan Stewart of the sport's staff of the United Press and Dave Sheldon, cameraman of the Examiner.

Sheldon, revolutionized the art of photography in the newspaper world and all because of an accident. Sheldon was photographing William Randolph Hearst on the latter's visit some two and a half years ago to San Francisco.

Hearst had just returned from Europe and a mammoth reception was tendered him at the city hall. Sheldon was taking flashlight photographs of the publisher at his party. Suddenly, one of the sparks from the flashlight gun, fell into the bottle of flash powder the photographer was holding in his hand.

A terrific explosion reverberated through the walls of the city hall; hundreds rushed out, fearing a bomb had been thrown at Hearst. When quietness was finally restored, Sheldon was rushed to the hospital suffering from serious burns and the loss of several fingers on his right hand.

That night, Hearst sent out an order to every editor of his 29 newspapers, banning the use of powder flashlights. Flash globes, then virtually unknown, were ordered to be used by Hearst photo-

graphers. Today, virtually every newspaper cameraman uses the safe flash globes.

Name a poet to the senate? Impossible, yet that's what happened in Ireland and the senator lives to tell the tale.

He is Dr. Oliver Gogarty, one of the wittiest men in Ireland who last week was a guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robinson Jeffers on the Point. Dr. Gogarty was selected to serve as a member of the Irish Free State's Seanad Eireann because of the fact that he is a poet.

The San Francisco Call commenting on Dr. Gogarty's appointment says:

"The Irish Free State selects its senators not by districts but for special qualifications, as service to the country or attainments.

"America probably won't adopt that method, but it would be well if this country had a poet or two in Congress. A whole Senate composed of poets would be difficult, worse even than a whole Senate composed of politicians, but a poet or two would help."

THE VILLAGE NEWS-REEL

Mrs. William Heathorne entertained last week at a luncheon and bridge given at her home here. Among the guests present were Mrs. J. E. Abernethy, Mrs. C. J. Ryland, Mrs. J. B. McCarthy, Mrs. David Scripture, Mrs. Stella Stafford Mather, Mrs. Elizabeth Titus and Mrs. Carl Burrows.

Miss Florence Baker has returned to Carmel from Chicago where she has been for a number of months. She brings with her several friends from Chicago who will remain with her in Carmel.

Carl Harris met them in San Francisco on their arrival last week and drove them to Carmel.

Mrs. Patrick Howden, sister of Mrs. Kit Wilkinson, and her two children David and Jessie returned this week to their home in Vancouver, B. C.

Mr. Charlie Sayers left this week for Oakland and San Francisco to take charge of several woodcarving classes he conducts in those cities.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Whitney spent the weekend in Soledad with Mrs. Whitney's sister. The weekend party was a family reunion with twenty two members of the family having dinner together.

Don Staniford, famous Abalone umpire and ball player suffered a slight accident this week when his foot caught in the floor mat of his automobile. He tripped and fell to the street pavement. Staniford had to have five stitches taken in his head, and sustained many body bruises, but now back at his drug store.

Miss Alice Cann returned from San Francisco this week from a weeks visit there with friends.

Mrs. Helen Shedden and her daughter were here for the week end at their cottage.

Mrs. Mary Herrick Ross an old timer here returned this week for a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Kendall Heathorne spent last week in Carmel with Mrs. Heathorne's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Heathorne at their cottage on the point.

Mrs. Helen Zobel and her two children from Berkeley are in Carmel for the balance of the Spring.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Civelli returned this week to San Francisco from Carmel where they have been honeymooning for the past week. The couple stayed at "Crest View" on the Point. Mrs. Civelli was the former Anne Gallagher of San Francisco.

Mrs. M. G. MacIntosh has returned to Carmel after a two weeks visit in San Francisco. Mrs. MacIntosh is the mother of Mrs. Carl Rohr.

Miss Sammy Sampson spent last weekend in San Francisco where she was entertained by many of her friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Bryon Foulger and Miss Rachel Kay arrived in Carmel from Portland to spend a

number of months in their cottage. Mr. Foulger is the director of the Portland Civic theatre who's season has just been closed.

Having tea at Tor House with Mr. and Mrs. Robinson Jeffers one day recently, were Dr. Oliver Gogarty of Dublin and Mr. Albert Bender of San Francisco. Dr. Gogarty who is called the wittiest man in Ireland has been lecturing in various cities across the continent.

Among those who enjoyed the dinner dance in the Bali Room at Hotel Del Monte on Saturday evening included Messrs. and Mesdames Livingston Keplinger, W. E. Keplinger, H. D. A. Ganteaume, Beale E. Poste, J. R. Poste, George Chew, Ronald Stoney, Allen Stewart, John Eldridge Cushing, Charles Wheeler and W. T. Sexton; Misses Edwina Pinkham, Myrtle Arne, Betty Norvell, Winnie Vilsack, Jane Houston, Rosamunde Estrada, Betty Ross, Moira Wallace, Barbara Balfour, Betty Joyce, June Norvell; and Messrs. Philip Baker, Bill Stanley, R. C. Thackara, Robert Edgren, Jr., Jack Jordan, Fred Pryor, Vernon White, Gordon Campbell, John Von Saltza, Charles Watson, George Graft, Harold Gates, Donald Frick, George Aucourt, Philip Garner, Eugene Marble and Major Conant.

For a few days of recreation, interspersed with several public meetings, the Oxford Group with fifty of their members spent the first part of the week in Carmel. The group plans to establish a fellowship in each community. They work in with the churches, but, they stress, do not "make a practice of telling folks what they ought to do, rather than helping them to find their own personal solution of their individual problems."

Saturday Mrs. Stella Stafford Mather entertained at a delightful bridge at her home and was hostess to Mr. and Mrs. William Heathorne and their son Seymour Heathorne, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Heathorne of Berkeley, Miss Elizabeth Titus, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Burt, Miss Olive Sibley, Miss Daisy Bostick, Miss Nora Harnden and Mr. Charles Parker.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Metz were hosts at a bridge luncheon at La Playa Hotel Thursday last. The guests present were Dr. and Mrs. Clarence Terry, Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Rand, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Schrader and Mrs. Stella Stafford Mather.

Miss Jane Burrit is out of town on a short trip.

Mrs. Stella Stafford Mather has started her interesting talks again on her travels in South America. Mrs. Mather gave one last Tuesday evening at the Forest Hill Hotel in Pacific Grove for the Professional and Business Woman's Club.

Edith Heron, the artist, whose pictures have been much admired here, has left for a trip through Europe, sailing Thursday from San Francisco through the canal to

New York on the Santa Teresa. From New York she leaves shortly for London, and an indefinite stay in Europe, visiting friends and seeing the galleries.

Mr. and Mrs. Beverly Stover accompanied by Arthur Webb spent a few days in Coalinga on business this week.

Mrs. Howard Leslie spent a few days last week in San Francisco on business for the Carmelita Shop.

Mrs. Fern and Miss Kit Cooke spent a few days last week visiting Mrs. Maude Call at her home in Los Gatos.

Mrs. Sidney Fish entertained at a dinner Sunday evening at her home in Carmel Valley. Among Mrs. Fish's guests were Mr. and Mrs. McKim Hollins, Mr. and Mrs. Byington Ford and Miss Catherine Cooke.

Mrs. Esther Englesby is in Carmel as the guest of Mrs. B. E. Hopkins for a short period.

Week-end guests at Hotel La Ribera included: Mrs. C. T. Spry and Miss M. Spry, Everett Wash. Dr. and Mrs. J. F. Gillette, Buena Vista, Colorado; Mr. Tobin W. Carr, Santa Barbara; Mr. W. L. and Mrs. O. A. Baker, Merced; Mrs. J. D. Turner and daughter, Stockton; Mr. and Mrs. V. A. Gilhool, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Huish, Eureka, Utah; Mrs. L. M. Bacon, Mrs. E. B. Everingham, San Diego; Mrs. C. B. Craske, Miss M. Bismar, Mr. T. B. Perkins, Hollywood; Dr. and Mrs. Sterling Pillsbury, Long Beach; Mr. D. Sanford, San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. R. B. MacBride accompanied by their daughter Miss Nancy MacBride of Piedmont recently spent several days vacationing in Carmel stopping at Hotel La Ribera.

Mrs. Maude I. Hogle of Carmel, who for the past month has been stopping at hotel La Ribera, recently moved into her home on Dolores street, which has been newly renovated.

Miss Lillian Wentworth, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Wentworth of Carmel spent the weekend with her parents here. Miss Wentworth is a student at University California.

One of the outstanding successes of the social calendar this year was the Mardi Gras ball, held in the Green room recently. The affair was given under the auspices of the Alliance Francaise. The success of the ball was due to the efforts of a committee composed of Dr. David Matzke, Miss Marjorie Pegram, Miss Helen Ware, Miss Elaine Carter and Madam Pirenne. Over one hundred persons were present and nearly every one in costume which added to the brilliance of the occasion. Punch and refreshments were served during the evening and music by the "Desperate Desperadoes."

The prizes for the most original and beautiful costumes went to Mrs. George Vye, who represented "Zouave" one of the costumes

of the French troops in Africa. and Mrs. Charles Eytting, Mr. Mrs. Ilbya Jadovsky, in a beautiful Russian Fourteenth Century costume, "Boyar." Miss Holman in a Spanish costume, very gorgeous. George Vye first prize as a Scotch Highlander and Colonel Jadovsky in a Russian Blouse.

Among those present were: Dr. and Mrs. David Matzke, Colonel and Mrs. Jadovsky, Mr. and Mrs. George Seideneck, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Burt, Colonel Frederick Johnson, Mrs. Charles Johnstone, Mrs. Olive Sibley, Harold Gates, Gerald Felton, Fritz Wurtzman, Miss Marjorie Pegram, Bert Heron, Mrs. Claire Cone, Misses Ellen and Bertha Kleinschmidt and Rynald Kleinschmidt, Mrs. Vera Peck Millis, Miss Glenna Peck, Mrs. Ettlinger, Mrs. Grace Douglas, Mrs. Nell Watson, Mr. and Mrs. Jean Julliard, Mrs. Ruth Lewis, Bob Lewis, Dr. Marcel Bedri, Mrs. Louise Fry, Mrs. Margaret McGillicuddy, Vernon Short, Dr. Williams, Misses Dot, Ruth, Edwina and Marion Pinkham, Miss Camilla Hargraves, Frank Thompson, Mac Fry, John Bartlett, Tom Crosswaite and Mrs. H. W. Winston of Brighton, England.

As a result of Mrs. M. L. Ramsey being transferred to Eureka, Mrs. Anita Newell will be appointed cashier of the Carmel branch of the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph company. Mrs. Newell following her appointment will take up her residence in Carmel.

Miss Ada Howe Kent has returned to her Highlands home after a short visit to Santa Barbara. She has as a house guest Miss Emily McMillan of Minneapolis, artist. Miss McMillan painted the portrait of Dr. Will Mayo, among other celebrities.

Miss Elizabeth Chandler, artist, one of Carmel's original inhabitants, is in Carmel for a short visit. She is visiting Miss Catharine Morgan.

Miss Caroline Kimball moved this week to Palo Alto. She plans to open up her Porcelain Shop which she has run here for several years, in that town.

Mrs. E. G. Burrett and Miss Jane Burrett have returned from a trip to San Francisco. While in the city they had the pleasure of being guests aboard the navy airplane carrier "Lexington."

A charming luncheon party was given by Mrs. James L. Cockburn recently. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Burt, Mrs. Jesse Lynch Williams, Mr.

Mrs. Alexander McKechnie and her daughters, Margaret and Agnes, of St. Paul, who have been sojourning in Carmel for a number of months, moved this week to La Jolla.

"Animal Kingdom" Is Fine Dramatic Film

To make clear that the "Animal Kingdom" is not a sequel to Frank Buck's "Bring 'Em Back Alive" nor any sort of menagerie picture, the Carmel Theatre announces that their attraction for Sunday and Monday is a sophisticated drama of modern life.

The title comes from the heroine's contention that when it comes to life and an appreciation of its spiritual values, human beings still belong pretty much to the animal kingdom. And the events of the photoplay seem to prove her right.

Ann Harding and Leslie Howard are co-starred in the "Animal Kingdom" from one of the most successful plays of Philip Barry, who wrote "Holiday" and "Paris Bound," two of Miss Harding's most successful pictures. Others in this outstanding picture are Myrna Loy, William Gargan, Neil Hamilton, Henry Stephenson and Ilka Chase.

Christian Science Churches

"Substance" will be the subject of the Lesson-Sermon Sunday, March 12, in all Churches of Christ, Scientist, branches of The Mother Church, The First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Mass.

The Golden Text will be: "Turn thou to thy God: keep mercy and judgment, and wait on thy God continually" (Hosea 12:6). Other Bible citations will include: "I know that whatsoever God doeth, it shall be for ever: nothing can be put to it, nor anything taken from it: and God doeth it, that men should fear before him" (Eccl. 3:14).

The Lesson-Sermon also will include the following passage from the Christian Science textbook, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures," by Mary Baker Eddy: "In the vast forever, in the Science and truth of being, the only facts are Spirit and its innumerable creations. Darkness and chaos are the imaginary opposites of light, understanding, and eternal harmony, and they are the elements of nothingness" p.479).

Your Own Ideal of Living and at Lessened Expenses

Visitors from Carmel find in Hotel Canterbury an appreciated atmosphere of quiet charm and dignity... downtown, 250 outside rooms, each with tub and shower. Spacious dining room overlooking colorful patio garden.

Rates

Single, \$2.00 to \$3.50
Double, \$3.50 to \$4.50
Twin Beds, \$4.00 to \$5.00
Suites, \$6.00 to \$10.00

Attractive Weekly and Monthly Rates

KENT W. CLARK, Managing Owner
SAN FRANCISCO



Hotel Canterbury
750 Sutter St.

Newberry's Authentic Autobiography

XXXVIII (continued)

Then John Fleming Wilson came to Carmel. I had known him mildly in San Francisco, and when he asked my advice and help in building a home on land he had purchased on the Point, I became interested at once, and turned aside from writing to resume the carpenter's tools. Wilson claimed to have been a sailor, although he had probably never been nearer that profession than, as a passenger aboard ship, watching the seamen at work. He was a writer of sea stories, and had a book or two to his credit at the time he arrived in Carmel.

Temperamentally, he was the nearest approach to a genius that I have ever known. He was unable to differentiate the imaginings of his brain from the facts of actual life, and was unconsciously an unconscionable liar. This was amusing if somewhat confusing in a general way, but as he became more a part of the life of Carmel, his imaginings mixing with the every-day happenings of the village made a mess that had us all

in trouble much of the time.

No one could ever be sure whether Wilson was lying or telling the truth. He was boastful of the accomplishments he did not possess and remarkably modest about his real abilities. One of his magazine stories, "Sparks," dealing of static in the early days of wireless, made a tremendous sensation, and brought him a cabled message of congratulations from A. Conan Doyle. I was with John when the message came, so had definite knowledge of it. I never heard him refer to it, and I doubt if any of our friends would have known of it except by my telling.

Another time, a story of his in *Saturday Evening Post* was put into pamphlet form and sent out to millions of Boy Scouts throughout the world in several different languages. The request for permission for the reprint made by the international commander of the scouts was wired him by the editor of the Post. There was a liberal offer of money for use of the story, but Wilson wired him back that he would accept nothing for such a purpose, and gave permission freely. It was some time afterward that a mutual friend asked me if I had heard the latest John Fleming Wilson dream.

"What is it?" I queried.
"That he refused an offer of a thousand dollars for ten minutes literary work."

I estimated that he might have spent less than ten minutes drafting a different telegram accepting the scout-head's offer instead of rejecting it. I said,

"This time, John was telling less than the truth. I'd say he refused a thousand dollars for a minute's work. And I was there when he did it."

Wilson and I had gone to the river's mouth one morning to dig it out. Although there would be an easy pick-up of a mess of fish as the result of our work, its principal interest was the rushing of the waters in the first few minutes after the dyke was cut through. We were willing to work four or five hours with shovels for the thrilling spectacle of the impounded waters breaking into the sea.

For an outlet, we selected the lowest place in the sand dam that the waves had built, and John began digging at one end and I at the other, opening a ditch just wide enough at the bottom to work in. We planned so that our outlet would be completed at low tide, giving a greater slant to the flow and consequently more force to the current. In the lagoon the waters had backed up well across the Martin meadows, almost to Santa Lucia street, and the pressure of this great body was enormous. All we needed to do was to encourage a break-through, and the impounded waters would do the rest.

We had brought our luncheons, and took a long rest from labor at the nooning. Early in the afternoon, a couple of boys from the village came down to see what we were up to, and we allowed them to use the shovels under our direction for a time. The two cuts

were gradually coming together.

Later, a man made his way to our workings, and stood at the edge of the cut, watching us. He was a large, square-set man with the look of a heavy-weight prize fighter, and was evidently capable of doing good work with a shovel. Jack Wilson climbed out to suggest a spell of labor to the big fellow, and I dropped my implement to assist in the argument.

"What's the idea of so much work?" said the newcomer. "Why not leave nature alone? The view is pleasing as is."

"Fish," explained Jack. "With the river dammed at its mouth, the steelheads can't get up to spawn, and there'll be no trout fishing later on."

"Besides the splash we'll make when she goes out," I broke in. "That's well worth the work."

"We thought you might like to help. It's grand exercise, and I'd be willing to loan you my shovel—"

"My shovel is probably better suited to you," I cut in hurriedly.

"I'm a stranger here," the big fellow said, "and it might be I'd do more harm than good. I'm a short-handle-shovel man, myself, and don't understand these long-handle-shovels at all. Besides, I'm out of training, and—"

"Just what do you do when you work?" Jack asked boldly.

"Typewrite. I'm strong in the fingers and wrists, but weak in the muscles of the back."

"Writing fiction?" John persisted.

"Mostly, yes. On a vacation now, and just arrived yesterday in Carmel. The name's Wilson."

"Must be a relative of mine," Jack shook hands. "I'm John Fleming Wilson."

"Harry Leon Wilson is my full title."

"The Boss of Little Arcady" is one grand book! So is 'The Spenders,' though I'd rather have written the 'Boss.' Glad to know you, Harry. My helper here is Perry Newberry, who also writes."

I blushed and shook hands. I said, "If we're going to let this river out by low tide we've got to bend to it." And I went back into the cut.

Harry Leon Wilson and John Fleming Wilson spelled one another at their end of the ditch, talking while they labored. Finally we were facing each other in the cut, lowering the sand that separated us. A trickle of water ran into my diggings from where they worked. We scraped the bottom deeper, until there was a tiny stream flowing through. I warned,

"It's beginning to bite in. We'd better get out of here."

"That trickle!" said Harry Leon, contemptuously.

"Come running!" John Fleming grasped his arm. "Beat it! She's scouring!"

We threw the shovels out, scrambled hastily up the sides of the sand bank, helping each other, picked up the implements, and made a run for it. Almost before we had left the cut, it began crumbling away. Backed by the millions of tons of water, that little stream was eating up the banks on either side as an elephant eats hay. Crash! and a great section of sand fell into the torrent, and cracks like an earthquake ran back almost to our feet.

Crash followed crash, as we again ran back. The stream now was fifty feet or more wide, a muddy torrent that, pouring into sea, stilled the waves and yellowed

the blue waters. And each minute it widened and deepened.

"Look there!" John yelled and pointed. In the lagoon were waves that flung themselves toward the bank at the point where our new river mouth gave an open way, and streaks of mud were showing where had been quiet water a minute before. Even as we looked, a great roaring sound announced the breaking of the thousands of tons of sand that had held back the lagoon, and from right before us to a rocky point on the other bank, a mighty river surged seaward. The dam had gone out.

(To be continued next week)

The Lucca Is Now Open on Dolores Street

There is a new restaurant of distinction in Carmel. It is Carmel's newest cafe specializing in Italian dinners and in Italian foods, though it is also said that their American cooked meals are more than delicious.

Chicken raviolas and spaghetti are home made to take home, and are made from a special old family recipe of Teresa Duranti, who is the proprietor.

The Lucca, as the new cafe is called, is located where the Green Cupboard used to be on Dolores street two doors south of 7th street. The building has been completely refurnished, and appears to be a small section of the old world in both appearance and atmosphere.

The public is cordially invited to come in at any time and look around, even though they have not the remotest idea of buying anything.

Miss Jane Burritt has been spending a few days visiting her sister Mrs. Marshall Bond at Westhaven, California.

NOTICE OF ELECTION

Notice is hereby given of the ELECTION OF TRUSTEES of the CARMEL SANITARY DISTRICT MARCH 13th, 1933, at TRIANGLE REALTY COMPANY DOLORES STREET, near 7th.

H. F. DICKINSON
President
Arthur T. Shand
Secretary

NOTICE OF ELECTION FOR ELEMENTARY SCHOOL TRUSTEE

Notice is hereby given to the electors of Sunset Elementary School District of Monterey County, California, that the annual election for School Trustee for Sunset Elementary School District will be held at the Sunset Schoolhouse in said district on the last Friday in March, viz, March 31, 1933.

It will be necessary to elect one trustee for three years.

The polls will be open between the hours of nine A.M. and seven o'clock P.M.

The officers appointed to conduct the election are:

JOHN BATHEN, Inspector;
ALICE ASKEW, Judge;
FRANK TOWNSEND, Judge.

Signed:
DAISY B. TAYLOR
FERDINAND HAASIS
CLARA N. KELLOGG, Clerk
School Trustees
Sunset Elementary School District

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE COUNTY OF MONTEREY

In the matter of the Estate of PRESTON W. SEARCH, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN by the undersigned, Executor of the Will of Preston W. Search, Deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to file them, with the necessary vouchers, in the office of the Clerk of the above entitled Court, or

to present them with the necessary vouchers, to the said Executor at law offices of Silas W. Mack, Old First National Bank Building, No. 126 Bonifacio Place, in the City of Monterey, (the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate,) in the County of Monterey, State of California, within six months after the first publication of this notice.

Dated Feb. 3rd, A.D. 1933.
FREDERICK PRESTON SEARCH
Executor of the Will of
Preston W. Search, Deceased
SILAS W. MACK,
Attorney for Executor
Date of first publication Feb. 10, 1933
Date of last publication Mar. 10, 1933

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9:45 a.m. Sunday School

11:00 a.m. Morning Prayer
and Sermon

All Are Cordially Invited

IS THAT SO?

By Winsor Josselyn

There is one thing lower than a chorus man and that is an assistant chorus man. Therefore we are right in the gutter so far as drama goes, because Saturday afternoon we pinch-hit for a "Pinafore" chorus man, one who had a daytime job as a rock crusher and figured that a job was better than art on Saturday afternoons.

So Galt Bell, finding us in a pliant mood Friday night, and knowing the morrow's emergency, gave us a free ticket to the show with the proviso that we watch this particular chorus man—and learn his stuff. Nice show, but distracting because we were eying every least move, listening to each song, catching every phrase. But when the evening was over we had an exact blow-by-blow picture of what to do.

Came Saturday afternoon, and came a hectic attempt to fit a sailor suit to the body. The blouse was very quick, and so were the pants, plus being very short and insanely bow-legged by virtue of their side-press creases. A cowboy could have got into them and felt right at home. Canvas chaps, that's what they were. And the hat—the hat said PINAFORE in no uncertain letters, and damme if it didn't look pretty good when hauled over one ear. The hat lifted us into the realm of the possible, that and a little powder make-up.

But glory is short-lived. There, right beside us, were two other strange faces under sailor hats—later identified as Mons. Galt Bell, only the director of the show, and Mons. Stewie Marble, only the brother-in-law of C. M. (See 'Em) Henderson. They were likewise going to pinch-hit for absentees, only they knew the show from seeing innumerable rehearsals. Indeed, Galt summoned a skeleton rehearsal that moment in the Green Room to refresh me on gestures, marching, chorus singing and other high-pressure needs. Which made us forget practically everything instantly.

Then the unkindest blow of the day. Said Galt, "I guess you'll have to sort of wait in the wings. You see, one of the others has shown up and as he knows the songs, and the steps—"

Yes, sir—that put us into the

Organized Reserves of the good ship Pinafore. So we stood forlornly in the scenery, practically shoulder deep in chorus girls and unable to do anything about it. (And do you remember that chorus? Mmmm!)

Came the big chance! "Follow this man," whispered Galt, his eyes on other things the show needed more than his presence in the chorus. In no time we were standing proudly in the flood lights and mugging through songs and faking on arm waving and eying the rest of the mob in most approved stage fashion, although a couple of the demure little ladies thus eyed got the giggles and were called down for it later.

Ah, me! Well—we've at last been depressed to a chorus man.

This must stop. Dog races are all right in their way, but who dares say that dog fights improve the moral tone of our village?

Mr. Allen (Often) Knight has been seen on two separate occasions to incite canine battles at Abalone baseball games, and do it in a most underhand manner. A little dog, happy in a romp around spectators' feet, would pass Mr. Knight and suddenly hear himself barked at. He would stop short and look all around. The barking had been most insulting in dog language. But where was the other barker?

You're right—it was the cat—no, it was the Knight (pardon my Pinafore) and the trusting little dog, his gambol all upset and his mind clamped on insults, would go up to the nearest hound and demand that he take it back. Of course the other dog was equally surprised and equally on his dignity, resulting in the well-known sounds of a dog-fight over absolutely nothing whatever.

Mr. Knight, how can you do this? The eyes of Carmel are upon you.

To show how brisk is trade in crime down Hollywood way, a news note comes to hand.

A woman went to the corner grocery for supper supplies, emerged with a heavy sack of food-stuffs and, in the dusk, started the several blocks homeward. A street-car stopped at the corner and a law-abiding citizen got off and started up the street at a ground-covering stride, his mind on the recent headlines telling of holdups in the residential regions after dusk.

On ahead, the lady hurried faster, her mind also on holdups. Footsteps got nearer to her—following footsteps. She all but ran. She did run—and she tripped and fell. The man behind hurried to help her, but as he bent over reaching to lift her up she let out a scream good for a half mile. With which the man, knowing this to be some sort of badger game in the making, went his way in a series of bounds.

Next day he learned that his neighbor's wife had been knocked down by bandits and only saved herself by prolonged screaming.

Police Dog "Bob" Gains Fame in England

Bob, famous Carmel police dog, owned by Elliot Durham, has

again broken into the newspapers—this time in the London Daily Mirror.

When Bob and his master lived in Carmel, he was awarded a gold medal by the Oakland Tribune and the Latham foundation as the bravest dog in California. Now he has been awarded a collar for bravery.

Says the London Daily News in an article on Bob which covers the entire back page of a recent issue illustrated with photographs of the dog:

"Among 17 holders of the Dog's V.C. who will be seen at Cruft's Dog Show today is Bob of Carmel, a German police dog, late of California, who appears to make life-saving a hobby!

"On two occasions he has saved the life of his master, and owing to the nature of the deeds, he was adjudged the bravest dog in California, and presented with a gold medal.

"Now, he has been awarded the Dog's V.C.—the 'Daily Mirror' Collar for Brave Dogs—and in consequence will take his place among the group of canine heroes at the show which opens at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, today and continues tomorrow.

"Bob's first brave deed was to save his master, Mr. Elliot Durham, from death in a blazing motor car. The dog's warning when the car caught fire caused Durham to swerve and overturn into a ditch. He was rendered unconscious but the dog pulled him out of the fire to safety, at great risk to his own life.

"At a later date his master was walking near the edge of a cliff when he slipped over the edge owing to loose earth. He grabbed a small shrub, but his weight was too much for it. The dog, seeing the danger, crawled over and grasped Durham by the coat collar. Both were slipping when friends came along and pulled them up. Had it not been for the dog's action Durham would have crashed to the bottom before assistance arrived.

"After these two officially recorded brave deeds, Bob has another to his credit. He heard the cries of a girl who was in difficulty in the sea, so he swam out and brought her to safety."

Bob was one of the best known dogs in Carmel and often entertained for hours in back of Durham's hardware store when it was located on Ocean avenue. He was famous here for his mind reading act which was always an unsolved puzzle to those that witnessed it. He did many errands for first revealed last week when Durham and often would be sent to the grocery store or to the butcher shop to bring back an order.

Search Continued for Missing Woman

(Continued from page one)

has not met with foul play," Chief Englund said, "but we want definite evidence that she is all right before we give up the search."

Mrs. Bell's disappearance was

first revealed last week when friends of the woman asked police to search for her. They said she had been missing for three weeks. At the postoffice, it was disclosed that her mail had not been called for since February 12, although Mrs. Bell always used to get her mail in the morning and at night.

A search by authorities through her cottage indicated that Mrs. Bell had been contemplating to leave, yet strangely enough, she left all her belongings there. On the bed, was a hastily packed suitcase with all her clothes.

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